

Englands Jubile :

Or, A Poem on the happy return of his

sacred Majesty, Charles the

Second, King's most sacred Majesty

Pardon great Prince, for all our offering here,
But weak discoveries of our wretched year,
No language is Commensurate with thee,
Our loftiest sighs but plain Humilitie.

Yet since we may, our frailty to conceal,

Be guilty of a Crime in smothering zeale,

That bids thy blest returns more welcome then

Plenty to th' happy d. or land to th' wrackt men

For such were we, or if there's ought can more

Demonstrate all that was ours before,

Heaven, to restore our lost light sent us him,

Without whose raile our spears had still been dim:

Dim as in that dark overvall when we

Saw nothing but the Clouds of Anarchie.

Raised by the Witch-craft of Rebellion, to

so vast a height, none durst pretend to view,

Whilest they lay Curtain'd in that black disguise,

Majestick beams, but twas with blood, th'organs

Then if such of necessity must pine,

Who re rob'd of food, both humane and divine,

How could we thrive, when those that did pretend

To feed, did all on their Ambitious spend,

Who with the sword, did not for Justice fight,

And tackt the Subject to unthorned thornes,

The dolefull years of thy exile have been,

As once our Nation was, and now is,

Tost in a storm of dark Admissions we,

Floated at randome, till we were lost,

As our late Marston, till we were lost,

Us'd to be, till we were lost,

Yet now we are, till we are lost,

Though oft twain Vallies straggled for, yet we

Were exil'd from nought but Libertie :

Who durst live hear Spectators of those times,
Do now in tears repent our pallive Crimes,
And with one Universall voice allow
We all deserve death, since we live till now.

But this is *Englands* Jubilee, nor must (trust.
Thy Friends doubt mercy, where thy foes dare
Thou art our great Panpharmacon, which by
Its verue cures each various malladie,
Giving them pride, a coole alay of fear,
Whilest to restore our Hectick, hope appeals:
And these began the Cure, which to compleat,
Expansive mercy makes thy thron her seat:
So that there now (except the guilt within)
No signe remains, there hath a difference been.

The giddy rout, who in their first Addresse,
Cryed Liberty, but meant licenseiounness,
Whose deprav'd judgements, not content to see
A heaven of Stars, their *primum mobile*
Did Change the systemes, and it's spight oth' love
Or feare of heaven, taught earths bafe dregs to move,
In the bright Orb of honour, where to all
That's great, or good they were excentricall:
Having long found their direfull influence
In nought but plagues descended, did from thence
Learn sad repentant Lectures, and dare now
Present the Sword, where late the knee did bow.
Dare tell their damb'd impostors they but made
False zeale the light, whilest treason cast the shade.
Dare Curse their new discoveries, which plac'd in
Hels Geographie, Amerricaes of sin.

But these, like dust rais'd 'twixt two Armies, doe
Hurt, or assist, as they are hurried to
Either by levity, And therefore must
By none be held an Object of their Trust,
For though they are Usurpers hands, they've found
They rent at night, what they in morning crown'd;
But yon (great Sir) whose face hath been so mixt,
As to behold these volatile, and fixt

May

May (since the off-spring of their sufferings) be
 More certain of their future Loyaltie.
 And though your title, and heaven settled state
 Needs not (Usurper like) measure your Fate
 By such vain love, yet may you still be sure
 They'le neer again, a Rebels scourge endure.

These past years of insatuation, which
 Hath drayn'd their Coffers, did their hearts enrich,
 With so much eager loyalty, that when
 With wonder, like those new recover'd men,
 Who by our Saviours miracles escaped
 From darknesse, thought men had like trees been sha-
 They onely through mist rarrified, gazed at
 Those glimmering beams, whilst they knew not what
 Th'event would be, how (wing'd with hope) did they
 Each feeble glance praise as approaching day.

But when, with such advantage as the light
 Gains by succeeding the black dresse of night,
 Through all the fogs of their preceeding fear,
 They from the North saw loyall Monk appear:
 How in Petitions did their Prayers exhale,
 To waite him on, until the gentle gale
 (Although by wayes so wisely intricate;
 They rais'd our fear, whilst they did calm our fate,
 Brought him at length through all our doubts to be,
 The great Assertor of our Libertie.
 Then did we think that modest blush but just,
 Whose present die, display'd our late mistrust,
 And to requite thole injuries wee'd done
 To myriads rais'd, what single praise begun:

Through all the devious paths which he did tread,
 From the base Rump, up to the glorious Head;
 We scand his Actions, which did nought comprise
 That might offend, but that he was too wise
 For vulgar iudgements, whose weak fancies guesse
 By present Actions, what would be the rest.
 But when their eyes unvail'd, discover'd who
 Had to death by the smother, found the Clew,

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How did they praise his Wisdome, Valour, all
That could within the name of subject fall:
And to compleat, what ere his due might be,
Knit up those Lawrels with his Loyalty;
That nobl^e Vertue, without which the rest
Had onely burthend, nor adorn'd his Crest.
Then, since we now by this heaven guided hand,
Once more behold the glory of our land;
Whom midnight plots long studied to exclude:
Again fixt in's Meridian Altitude:
Lets cease to mourn, and whilst those fogs attend
Such misereant wretches, as dare still offend,
By flying mercy, raise our souls, deprest:
Ere since this Star set in the gloomy West.
For then begun that dreadfull night, which we
Have since with terrour seen, brave loyalty
Being so oppress by a prevailing fate;
Twas onely known by being unfortunate:
Yet, though Rebellion in unnaturall Wars,
So far did thrive, to prove us falling Stars,
The wiser world saw those that did aspire,
Not as Heavens lamps, but Hells impetuous fire,
As monsters of Ambition, such whose wilde
Ghymers since Rebellion first desild
Our *English* Annals, onely were advanc'd:
But fortunes light Ephemera's, to be glanc'd
A while with secret envy on, and then
Hurl'd from th' ill mannaged helm, to be by men
persude with such a full deserved hate,
As makes each curse, ad weights unto their fate:
Horrid as are their names, which neer shall be
Mention'd without adjuncts of Infamy:
So full of guilt, all Ages to infuse
Shall weep to hear, what this neere burnt to doe.
Whilst we were in these uncouth shades o' recall
To tell what wilde Meanders hath been past
By thee, our Royall Sovereign, is a Task
That would the tongues of inspired Angels ask.

Yet

Yet since domestick miseries hath taught
 Us part of the sad stories ruder draught
 We may, by weak reflection come to see,
 With what dire weight these dark storms fell on thee;
 Who, whilst thou didst (from hence excluded) stand
 The pittied wonder of each Forraign Land
 Learnd'st by commanding Passions how to sway
 A Nation more rebellious far than they
 So that the Schoole which thou wert tutor'd in,
 Though thy disease, our Antidote hath been
 We suffering not our Crimes desert, because
 From hence you'd learn'd to pity, and the Daws
 Just harnesse with such Candor mitigate,
 As once you bore the rigour of your Fate.

(What earthquakes breeds in our breasts, when we

But think o're thy progressive miserie

How thou (our restless Dove) seeing no mark
 Of land, wert hurried from our floating Arke
 (And whilst those Villaines, that exposed thee lay
 Forc't every winde of Faction to obey)
 Wert long with billows of Affliction beat,
 Ere thou didst such thy Olive branch retreat.

How by poore Friends, and powerfull Enemies;

By Flattering strangers, and by false Allies,

Went thy Afflictions varied, for all these
 Shared in the complicating thy disease,

Like dolefull Mourners that surround the bed

Of a departing Friend, those few that fled

Hence on the wings of Loyalty, to be

Partakers of what e're attended thee;

Whilst they did mourn, but could not lend relief;

Did by their sorrow but increase thy grief.

Such was the power of thy prevailing foes;

No place afforded safety, some of those

Whom poverty sent to attend thy Train,

To cure that malady, did entertain

In fessious Cotnecks, which did fetter thee

Till Rebels Gold, outweighed their Loyalty,

And from the black pernicious Embrio bred,
Monsters whose hands strove to destroy their Head.

Nor, whilst these secret sorrows sunk a mine,
Which if not hinderd by a power Divine,
Had blown up all thy patience, wert thou free
From publick injuries, that amities
Which former leagues, or the more sacred ties
Of blood could claim, yail'd in the base disguise
Of pollicy, starts back, and doth give way
For treason to expell, on else betray.

Great birth, and vertues which did that excell
As the meridian dorth each parallell
Are but weak props, a Rebels threats convince:
And all avoid a persecuted Prince.

When after these big storms of ill abroad,
Some loyall Subjects had prepar'd the road
Unto thy throne, and thou didst once more hear
Arm'd for redemption of thy Crown appear,
Whilst all our hearts, whose distant hands could not
Come to assist, thy righteous cause waxt hot
With loyall hopes, how were we plannet strook,
When fortune, with pretended friends forlook
Thy side, at fatal Worcester, and to raise
A Rebels Trophies, didd thee of thy bayes.

How dismal sad, how gloomy was each thought
Of thy obedient Subjects whilst they sought
Their flying Sovereign, curaine from their eyes,
In the dark dresse of an unsafe disguise.

All whilst to know, what all desire should be
A secret kept, such strange varietie
Of contradictions did our passions twist
We would behold the Sun, yet prais'd the mist.

But whilst desire thus shoo as rovers, that
More powerfull Sacrifice our prayers, being at
Heavens penetrated care directed, found
Our hopes by thy dissenting usge Crown
For though to want, that was beyond a doubt
Yet now thy Absence was our happiness.

Then; though we neer enough can celebrate

The praise of this, yet thy misterious face
(Great favourite of Heaven) so often hath
Advanc'd our wonder, that the long trod path
Directs us now without more guides to see,
Those miracles, wrought in preserving thee
Were Gods immediate Acts, to whose intents
Were often fitted weakest instruments,
From whose successie faith this impression bore,
He that preserv'd thee; would at length restore,
Which now through such a labour is done,
We see the end, ere know how 'twas begun:

That big bulkt cloude of poysonous vapors, in
Whose dismal shades, our Liberty had been
Long in amaze of errours lost; was by
A wholesome Northern gale inforc'd to flye
Easie as morning mists, so that the fate
Seem'd not more strange, which did at first create,
Then what did now destroy in it, did appear
As far from hope, as was the first from fear:

When a Rebellionous tyranny had been

So strengthen'd by a prosperous groweth in sin;
That the contagious leprosie had leese
None found, but what were honest by their theft:
Then to behold that Hydra, which had bred
So many, in an instant, her last head
Submit to justice, is a blessing we
Must praise with raptures of an extasie;
Till from the pleasing trance, being welcom'd by
Loud acclamations, raised from Loyalty:
We come, we come, with all the reverence due
To heavens best gifts (great Prince) to welcome you:
You who by suffering in a righteous Cause
Safely restored, that Liberty, those Laws,
Which after long Convulsive Fits were now
Expiring, so, that future times told how
This great work was perform'd, shall wonder most
To see the Feaver Cur'd, yet no blood lost.

But

But these are Mercies fit to blithen in
 Him to a Throne, whose vertuous life hath been
 Beyond detraction good; therefore attend
 Those joyes which Heaven to us by you did send:
 Whose sacred essence waigited on by all
 The most transcendent blessings that can fall
 Within the Sphere of humane vertue, still
 Surround your Throne; may all imagin'd ill
 Die in the Embrio; may no dark disguise
 Of seeming Friends, or Foes that temporise
 E're prejudice your peace, may your Foes prove
 All blushing Convertts; may all those that love
 You do't for zeal, not gain; and though that we
 (What was of late your mark) our poverty
 Are still inforc'd to wear, oh may there thence
 Ne're spring a thought to take or give offence
 May all toward you be fraughted with desires,
 That may in flaming zeal out blaze the fires;
 That you were welcom'd in with: May delight
 Within your Royall breast no opposer
 E're finde, but so let gentle pleasure grow
 That it may kiss the banks, but neer overflow
 When Hymen leads you to the Temple, see
 It be to take that Jew, which Heaven hath seen
 The worlds adorning ornament; that wed
 May by that blest Conjunctions influence
 Such hopefull fruit spring from our Royall stem
 As may deserve the whole worlds Diadem
 May Peace adorn your Throne as yet is the Sword
 Must needs be drawn, may it no foundation
 But Victory, untill extended Bowes
 Adds weight unto your Scepter: May abundance
 Ere let a tear to the Records of time
 But what shall make your pleasure more content
 Till they being grown to pure for earthly things
 Call'd to the Triumphs of Eternitie
 To see the Power of your love
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